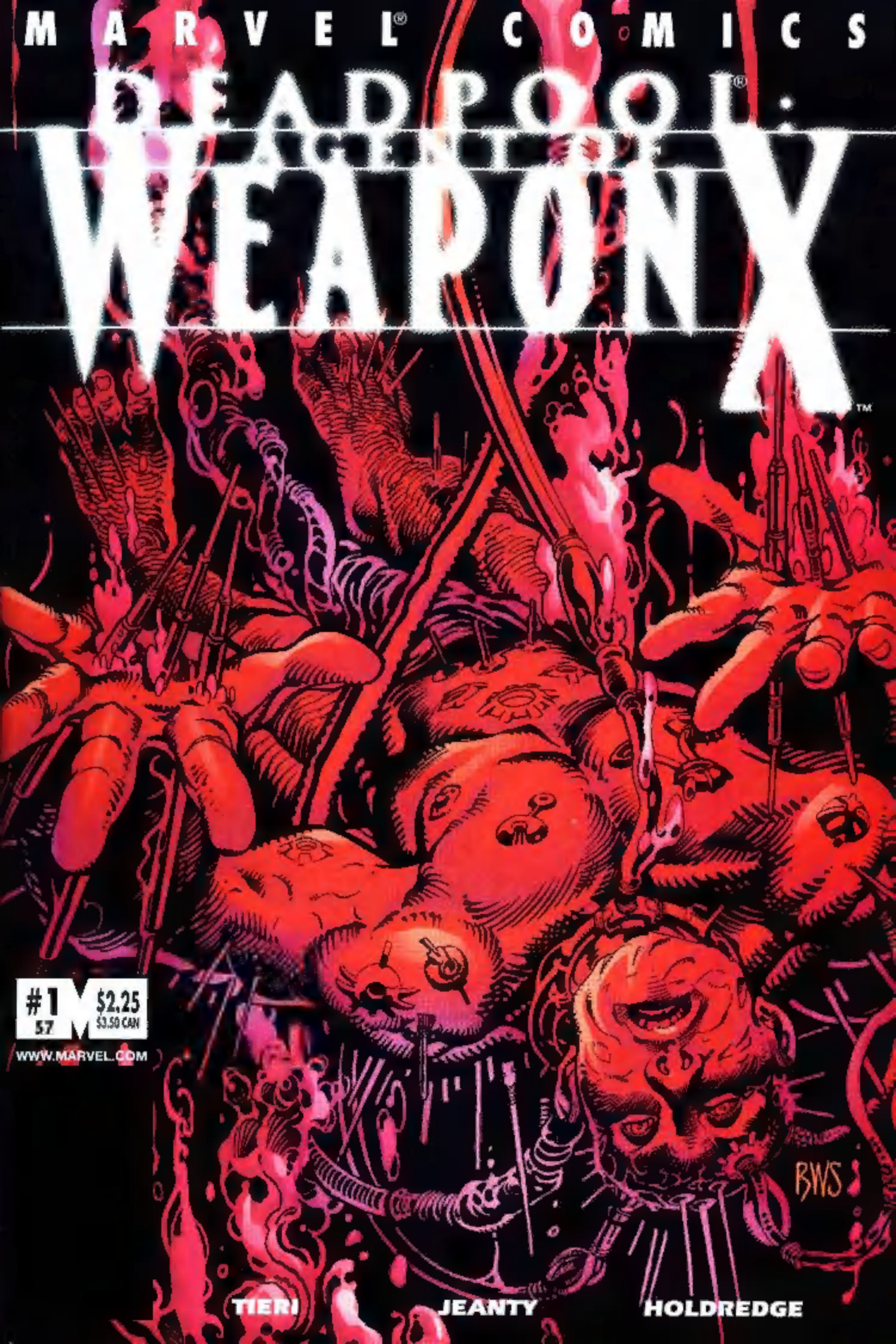
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AGENT OF
WEAPON X™
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# DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPON X

## PT 1: FACELIFT

Status report: The Director...
After a minor setback with the recruitment of Experiment X--otherwise known as the outlaw mutant Wolverine--
--the Weapon X Program has rebounded quite nicely, and currently flourishes far better than I ever dared hope.
In truth, the project owes a great deal of its success to Victor Creed, the one-time criminal more commonly referred to as Sabretooth.
Creed has proven to be both a hound and recruiter without peer--
--and his initial recruits have already borne fruit--
TAK TAK TAK

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--who, as a one-time human member from one of the *previous* Weapon X projects, was a natural consideration for our updated program.

--or solving the situation in Bosnia as *Mesmero* now does--
--our agents have provided us with the means to *eliminate* problems without having to enlist *holierthan-thou* groups like the Avengers.
GREETINGS, MY PUPPETS!
I COMMAND YOU TO TAKE UP YOUR WEAPONS...
...AND TURN THEM ON YOURSELVES!
BLAM
BOOM
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
BLAM
OH, I DO SO LOVE THE SMELL OF MASS SUICIDE IN THE MORNING..
Most who have joined our ranks are like Mesmero, mutants seeking to *augment* their power levels--

--or amplify them like Sauron.
But in the end, they have mostly come on board realizing it is better to be with us--
« SIR, I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP ON RADAR... »
« ...THAT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE TO BELIEVE!? »
BY THE TIME YOU HAVE FIGURED OUT WHAT I AM, POOLS...
« TRANSLATED FROM IRAQI.
I WILL HAVE DRAINED THE POWER FROM TWO OF YOUR PLANES...
AND USED IT TO BLOW YOUR BRETHREN OUT OF THE SKY!!
--than against us.

True, some of their fellow homo-superiors would consider the members of our organization as "self-outs"--
LOOK. YOU CAN DENY IT ALL YOU WANT, BUT WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT ONE OF YOU IS LYING.
WE KNOW THAT ONE OF YOU IS A--

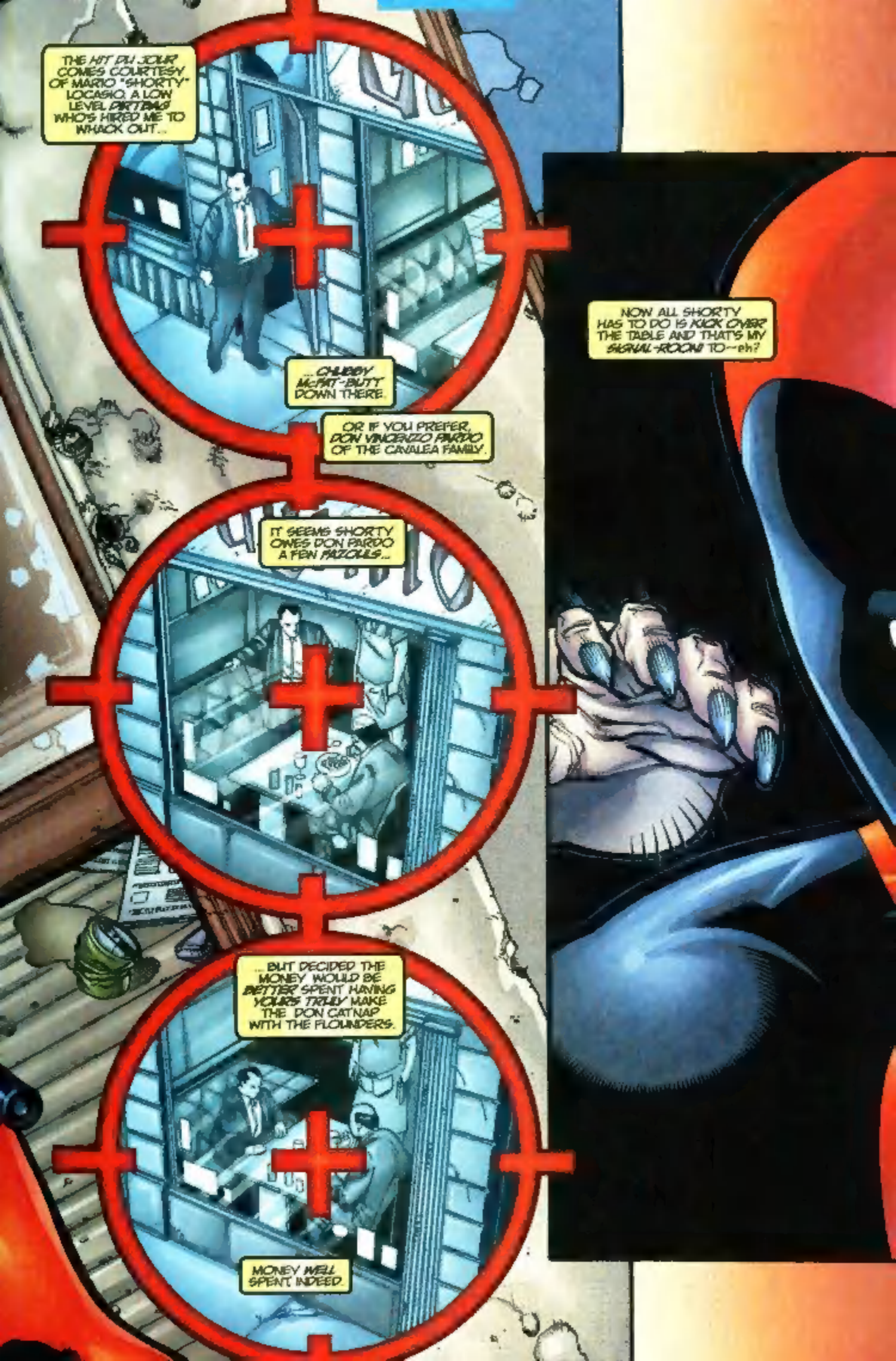
--SPY!
Oh...Uh... YOU MUST BE THE SPECIALIST THEY SENT.

--but unlike our mutants, they are not afforded the knowledge that when the inevitable war between man and mutant arrives--
Um... JUST TO FILL YOU IN, WE'VE NARROWED THE SEARCH DOWN TO THESE THREE... WE JUST HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHICH ONE...

Snif Snif
--they will be assured survival.

Yes, everything in phase one is proceeding according to plan.
I... GUESS THAT'S OUR MAN
And yet, as well as Creed's first recruits like Wild Child have worked out--
--I am still having certain ... reservations about his newest prospect, a certain loose cannon by the name of--

--Wade Wilson, a.k.a.
DEADPOOL
I'M A BARBIE GIRL IN A BARBIE WORLD! LIFE IN PLASTIC -- IT'S FANTASTIC!
YEAH, I KNOW, THAT SONG'S FRUITIER THAN A SHOWING OF "LIBERACE: BEHIND THE MUSIC"...
...BUT YA GOTTA ADMIT -- IT'S CATCHY.
ACTUALLY, YOU FIND YOURSELF DOING A LOT OF STUPID THINGS WHEN YOU'RE STAKING OUT A HIT...
...LIKE TRYING TO REMEMBER THE LYRICS TO THE "MAGILLA GORILLA" THEME SONG...
...OR WONDERING WHY NO ONE HAS SLAPPED THAT WITCH FROM THE "WEAKEST LINK" YET...
...BUT MOST OF ALL, ATTEMPTING TO COPE WITH THOSE RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE DREAMS YOU'VE BEEN HAVING ABOUT GILBERT GOTTFRIED.
BUT MAYBE THAT'S JUST ME.


THE HIT DU JOUR COMES COURTESY OF MARIO "SHORTY" LOCASIO, A LOW LEVEL PARTIMO WHO'S HIRED ME TO WHACK OUT...
...CHUBBY McFAT-BUTT DOWN THERE.
OR IF YOU PREFER, DON VINCENZO PARDO OF THE CAVALEA FAMILY.
IT SEEMS SHORTY OWES DON PARDO A FEW PAZZOLES...
...BUT DECIDED THE MONEY WOULD BE BETTER SPENT HAVING YOURS TRULY MAKE THE DON CATNAP WITH THE FLOUNDERS.
MONEY WELL SPENT INDEED.
NOW ALL SHORTY HAS TO DO IS KICK OVER THE TABLE AND THAT'S MY SIGNAL-ROONI TO--eh?

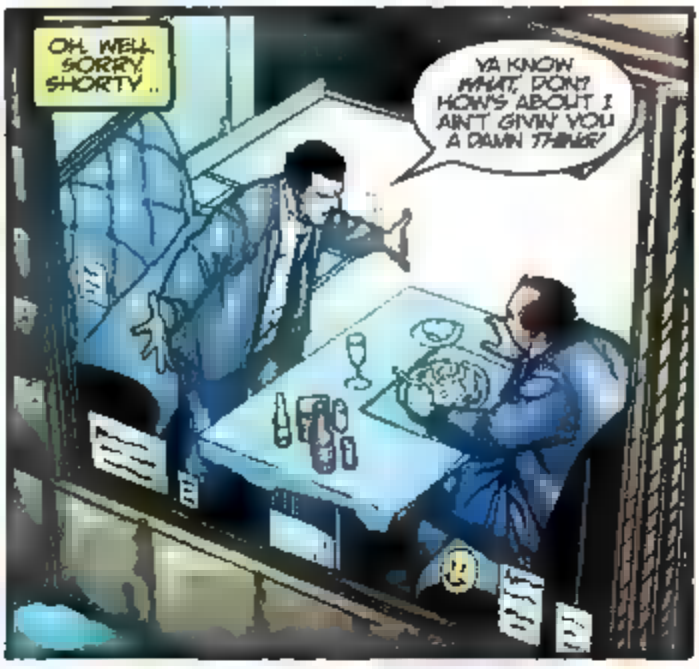
SCREAM FOR ME.
CRIPES! JUST WHAT I NEED-- SABRETOOTH.
SKR-SHK
SCREAM!
WELL, IF YOU INSIST...
AAAAAAAAAH!
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD
AAAAAAAAAH!
AAA
ENOUGH, WILSON.
NO, WAIT--
-- NOW I'LL DO IT LIKE A LITTLE GIRL!
BEEK! BEEK! BEEK-
I SAID ENOUGH!

GEEZ, THE GUY ASKS ME TO SCREAM SO I SCREAM...
...THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE...
THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN THE PROBLEM WITH YA, WILSON...
YA NEVER KNOW WHEN T'SHUT YER YAP.
I CAME T'TALK T'YA ABOUT SOMETHIN'-- AN' I AIN'T IN THE MOOD FOR YOU BEIN' FUNNY.
FUNNY?
FUNNY HOW? LIKE I'M A CLOWN? LIKE I'M HERE TO AMUSE YOU?!
HOW AM I FUNNY? WHAT THE--- OWWWW!
SMACK
I'M LOSIN' PATIENCE HERE, WILSON!
ONE MORE SMART REMARK OUTTA YOU AN' I LEAVE HERE WEARIN' YER SPINE AS A BELT.
MY, MY, MY, AREN'T WE IN A MOOD--WHAT'S THE MATTER? THEY GO AND SLIP ITCHING POWDER IN YOUR LITTER BOX AGAIN?

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO EXCUSE ME. IF I AIN'T EXACTLY LOOKING FORWARD TO WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE SELLING, SNAGGLEPUSS.
THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY LOVE LOST BETWEEN YOU AND ME
THERE AIN'T NOW, BEEN, AN' LOVE FOR THAT MATTER
NO ARGUMENT HERE WILSON - ALTHOUGH YA MIGHT WANNA LISTEN T' ME NOW
THE WEAPON X PROGRAMS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
AN' THEY'VE SENT ME T' BRING YA BACK INTO THE FOLD
THE WEAPON X PROGRAM!! AND YOU SAY I'M FUNNY?
NO AW' JOSE, I'VE HAD ENOUGH UNNECESSARY SURGERY AND PROBING TO LAST ME A LIFETIME, THANK YOU VERY MUCH
IN OTHER WORDS, GO TELL YOUR LEASH-HANDLERS THEY CAN KISS MY SCAB-RIDDEN, SURPRISINGLY-TIGHT BU-
THAT'S ALL WELL AN GOOD WILSON, BUT WHAT YA DON'T UNDERSTAN' IS THIS-
NOW THAT YA KNOW WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN
I CAN'T TAKE NO FER AN' ANSWER IF YA CATCH MY DRIFT
AN' I THINK THAT YA DO

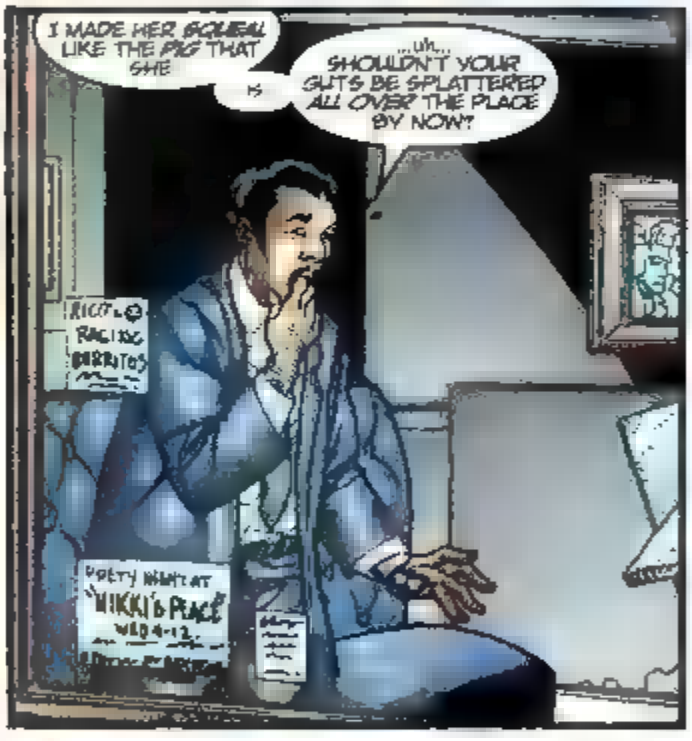
EXCUSE ME, VICKIE-- BUT IS THAT ROCKY MUSIC I HEAR?
STRANGE SOUNDS MORE LIKE FUNERAL MUSIC T' ME.
IN ALL FAIRNESS, THERE'S SOMETHIN' YA SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME, WILSON
THERE'S BEEN A FEW IMPROVEMENTS SINCE WE LAST MET
YEAH, I WAS GONNA MENTION YOUR BREASTS SEEMED A BIT FIRMER.
THE WEAPON X FOLKS BOOSTED MY HEALIN' FACTOR PER STARTERS
BUT THEY ALSO GAVE ME BACK--
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
--THESE!
ADAMANTIUM CLAWS WITH BONES T' MATCH!

GREAT CESAR ROMERO'S GHOST! THAT SLASH ALMOST CUT ME IN TWO!
I KNOW YA AIN'T A PUNK, WILSON...
...YOU'LL TAKE YER SHOT AT THE TITLE AN WE'LL SPEND THE NEXT HALF HOUR PAINTIN' THE WALLS WITH EACH OTHER'S ENTRAILS...
HE SURE WASN'T JOSHING ABOUT THE UPGRADES... AND WITH MY HEALING FACTOR NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS...
IT MIGHT BE TIME TO WAKE UP AND SMELL THE GUTS ON THE FLOOR
MAYBES MAY HAVE ME JUST A TEENY BIT OUTMATCHED HERE
OR YA CAN SIMPLY COME WITH ME AN HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE T' OFFER--EITHER WAY SUITS ME FINE
HATE TO SAY IT BUT LOOKS LIKE I HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER... ANOTHER SHOT LIKE THAT AND I'M A DONUT.
WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, VICKIE-POO...
...BUT FIRST I'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS TO WRAP UP
NOW, WILSON
BUT--
YA GET PAID ALREADY!
YEAH, BUT--
THEN WHAT DO YOU CARE? LET'S GO.

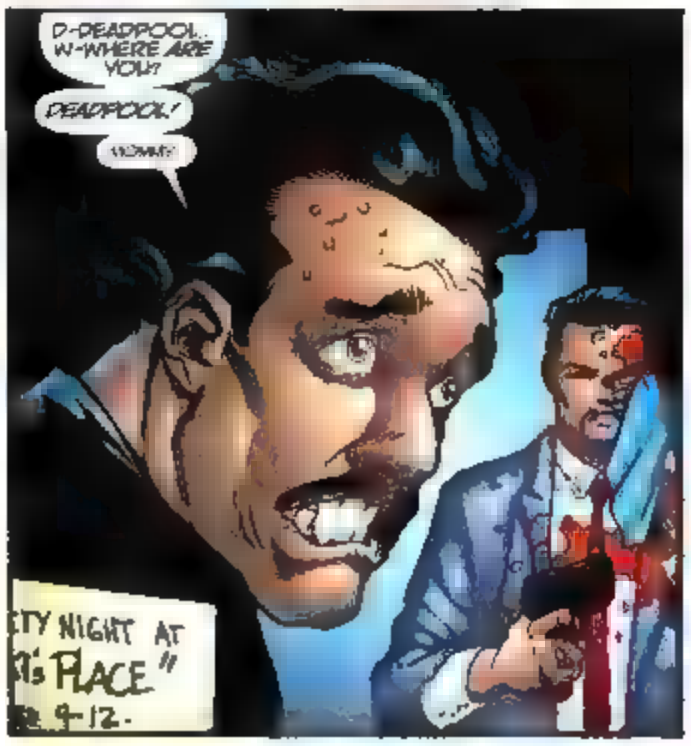

OH, WELL. SORRY, SHORTY..
YA KNOW WHAT, DON'T HOW'S ABOUT I AIN'T GIVIN' YOU A DAMN THING!

HERE, YA WANT SOMETHIN' FROM ME?
HOW'S ABOUT ANOTHER PLATE A' LINGUINI, YA FAT MORON!

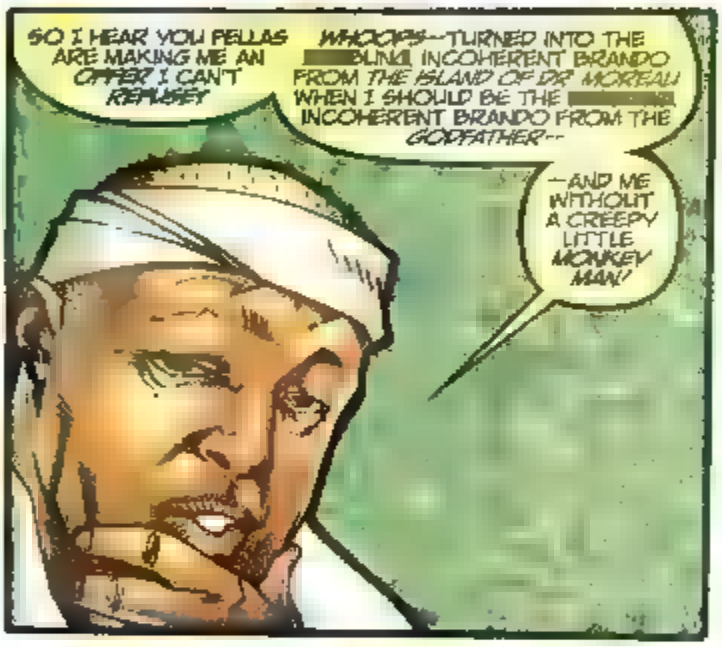
AND YA KNOW SOMETHIN' ELSE? THAT TIME YA THOUGHT SOMEBODY WAS MESSIN' AROUND WITH YOUR DAUGHTER?
THAT WAS ME! YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!!


I MADE HER SQUEAL LIKE THE PIG THAT SHE
IS
...uh... SHOULDN'T YOUR GUTS BE SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE BY NOW?
RICO'S RACING BURRITOS
"NIKKI'S PLACE"

KILL
HIM!
NOW!


D-DEADPOOL... W-WHERE ARE YOU?
DEADPOOL!
"NIKKI'S PLACE"

LADY AND GENTLEMEN--I GIVE YOU NOW, THE MAN WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION (BUT HE'S GETTING ONE ANYWAY)--
...PLEASE. NO APPLAUSE NECESSARY. JUST THROW ME MONEY.


SO I HEAR YOU PELLAS ARE MAKING ME AN OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE?
WHOOPS--TURNED INTO THE [redacted]UNK, INCOHERENT BRANDO FROM THE ISLAND OF DR MOREAU! WHEN I SHOULD BE THE [redacted] INCOHERENT BRANDO FROM THE GODFATHER--
--AND ME WITHOUT A CREEPY LITTLE MONKEY MAN!

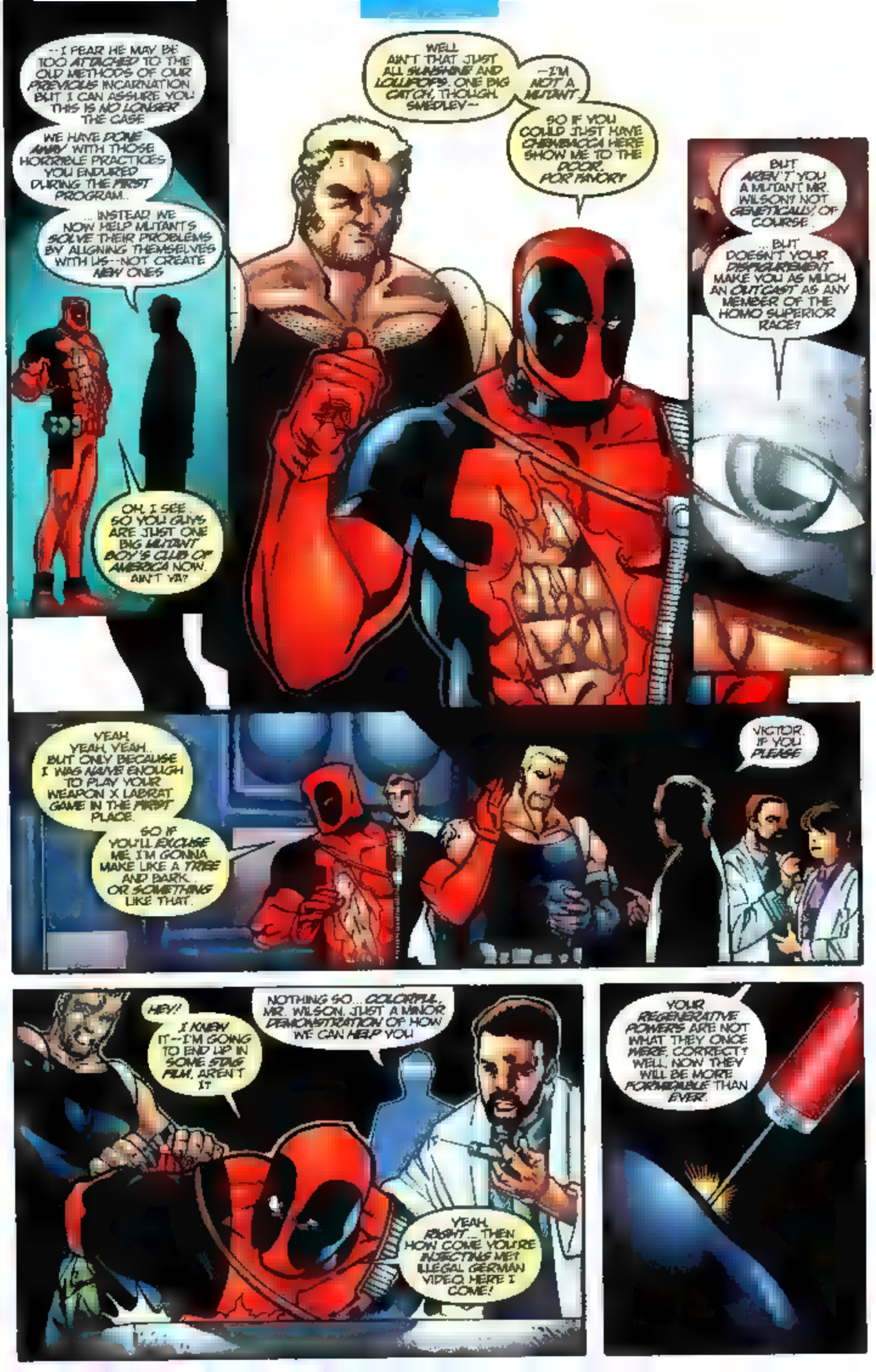
THERE. THAT'S BETTER.
..LOOK HOW THEY MASSACRED MY BOY.
OKAY, ENOUGH OF "101 USELESS THINGS TO DO WITH AN IMAGE-INDUCER"--TIME FOR THE INTROS!

HEY, DR. JELLYFINGER--HOW'S IT HANGING?
UMM.. I'M DR. DUNCAN, AND THIS IS DR ZIRA--
WELL, HEEELLLOOO, NURSE! NOW YOU, SWEET-CHEEKS, CAN GIVE ME A PHYSICAL ANYTIME!
HEY!

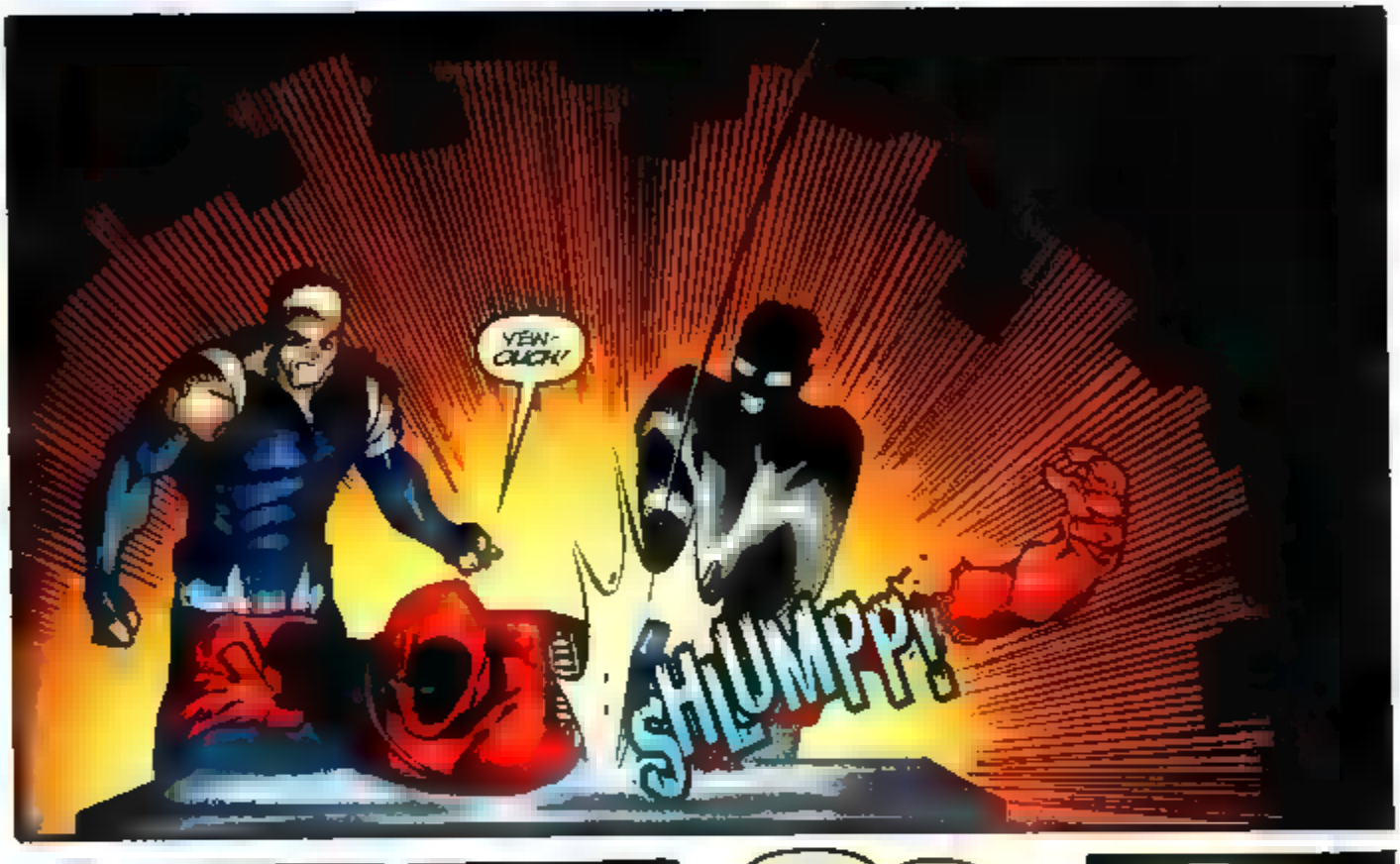
DEADPOOL! MR. FUNNY MAN! I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, DUDE! I'M SPECIAL AGENT BRENT JACKSON, AND LET ME BE THE FIRST ONE HERE TO SAY--MASSSSSSLLUPP!
WASSSUP?

YEAH, Y'KNOW.. LIKE THAT SLAMMIN' BEER COMMERCIAL? WASSSUP! HAHAHA--
OH, I GET IT NOW, YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO THINKS HE'S COOL.. BUT HE'S REALLY NOT.
W--WHAT?

USE OUTDATED EXPRESSIONS, YOU'VE GOT THE PLAYED-OUT GOATEE MOTIF GOING
YOU'RE [redacted] VERSION OF POOCHIE! BWAHAHAHAAAA.. WHAT A STOOGE.
I-I
OKAY, DOWN TO CASES KIDS-- WHICH ONE OF YOU QUACKS IS IN CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE SHINDIG?
THAT WOULD BE ME MR. WILSON.
HOLY MOTHER OF MEDUSA! DUDE--WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR FACE?!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY FORGOT TO FLUSH!
VERY AMUSING, [redacted] WILSON.. I WAS PRE-WARNED ABOUT YOUR RATHER OUT[redacted] NATURE. AS FOR MY APPEARANCE, I HAVE [redacted] WOLVERINE TO THANK FOR THAT.
HE AIN'T NO FRIEND OF MINE, CHOP-MEAT FACE! THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN THAT GUY'S ATTITUDE IS HIS BREATH-- PEEEE-EWWWWW! HORSE MANURE CALLED WOLVIE-- IT WANTS ITS SMELL BACK!
BUT MAN, DID HE DO A NUMBER [redacted] YOU! I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS REPULSED SINCE I SAW THOSE NAKED PICTURES OF BEA ARTHUR ON THE 'NET!
I BELIEVE THAT WILL SUFFICE, MR. WILSON--OR NEED I REMIND YOU OF THE GROTESQUENESS YOU SPORT UNDER THAT MASK, AS WELL?
TOUCHE' PUGLY. TOUCHE'
BUT BEFORE THIS SPILLS OVER INTO A "YO' MAMAS SO FAT" RANK SESSION, HOW'S ABOUT WE CUT TO THE CHASE INSTEAD?
BUT JUST SO YOU KNOW [redacted] I'D RATHER PULL A [redacted] SIGN UP WITH YOU [redacted]
...NOT TO MENTIO[redacted] HAVING THE SABRETOOTH-FAIRY BRING [redacted] AGAINST MY WILL CERTAINLY DIDN'T SCORE YOU ANY POINTS.
I'M AFRAID I MUST APOLOGIZE IF VICTOR WAS A BIT OVERZEALOUS, MR. WILSON--

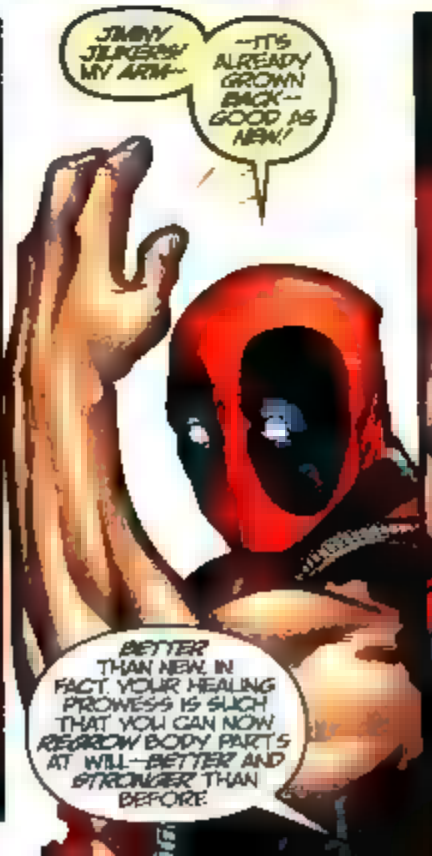

--I FEAR HE MAY BE TOO ATTACHED TO THE OLD METHODS OF OUR PREVIOUS INCARNATION BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THIS IS NO LONGER THE CASE
WE HAVE DONE AWAY WITH THOSE HORRIBLE PRACTICES YOU ENDURED DURING THE FIRST PROGRAM..
... INSTEAD WE NOW HELP MUTANTS SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS BY ALIGNING THEMSELVES WITH US--NOT CREATE NEW ONES
OH, I SEE. SO YOU GUYS ARE JUST ONE BIG MUTANT BOY'S CLUB OF AMERICA NOW, AIN'T YA?
WELL AIN'T THAT JUST ALL SUNSHINE AND LOLLIPOPS. ONE BIG CATCH, THOUGH, SWEDLEY--
--I'M NOT A MUTANT.
SO IF YOU COULD JUST HAVE CHEWBACCA HERE SHOW ME TO THE DOOR, POR FAVOR?
BUT AREN'T YOU A MUTANT MR. WILSON? NOT GENETICALLY OF COURSE.
... BUT DOESN'T YOUR DISFIGUREMENT MAKE YOU AS MUCH AN OUTCAST AS ANY MEMBER OF THE HOMO SUPERIOR RACE?
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.. BUT ONLY BECAUSE I WAS NAIVE ENOUGH TO PLAY YOUR WEAPON X LABRAT GAME IN THE FIRST PLACE.
SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GONNA MAKE LIKE A TREE AND BARK.. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
VICTOR, IF YOU PLEASE
HEY!
I KNEW IT--I'M GOING TO END UP IN SOME STAGS FILM, AREN'T IT
NOTHING SO... COLORFUL, MR. WILSON, JUST A MINOR DEMONSTRATION OF HOW WE CAN HELP YOU
YEAH, RIGHT... THEN HOW COME YOU'RE INJECTING ME? ILLEGAL GERMAN VIDEO, HERE I COME!
YOUR REGENERATIVE POWERS ARE NOT WHAT THEY ONCE WERE, CORRECT? WELL, NOW THEY WILL BE MORE FORMIDABLE THAN EVER.

ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE...


YEW-OUCH!
SHLUMPP!

HEY-- I WAS USING THAT!

RELAX, MR. WILSON... AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR NEW HEALING POWERS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN DOING THEIR JOB.


JIMMY JERKERS! MY ARM--
--IT'S ALREADY GROWN BACK-- GOOD AS NEW!
BETTER THAN NEW, IN FACT. YOUR HEALING PROWESS IS SUCH THAT YOU CAN NOW REGROW BODY PARTS AT WILL--BETTER AND STRONGER THAN BEFORE.

AND MY ARM... IT'S NOT SCALY... IT'S LIKE IT WAS...
THEN THAT MEANS

...MY FACE-- IT'S BACK!
MY GOD, I'M NOT SOME HUMAN SCALP-FACTORY ANYMORE!
GEEZ. I CAN GO ON A BLIND DATE AGAIN-- WITHOUT PHYSICALLY HAVING TO BLIND THE DATE FIRST!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT HOW MANY WOMEN WON'T RETURN YOUR CALLS AFTER THAT...
AND SO IT WILL REMAIN FOR ONE HOUR-- THAT'S HOW LONG THIS INJECTION WILL LAST.
BUT WITH FURTHER TREATMENT--
--IT COULD BE QUITE PERMANENT

WAIT A SEC...DID YOU SAY MY BODY PARTS WOULD GROW BACK BETTER AND STRONGER THAN BEFORE?
YES. WHY?
Hmmm...
GIMME THAT, LAUGHING BOY-- THIS I GOTTA TRY!
LORENA BOBBIT-- EAT YER HEART OUT!
AH... NOT SO FAST, MR. WILSON. PERHAPS YOUR TIME MIGHT BE BETTER SERVED MULLING OVER OUR GENEROUS OFFER.
WILL DO, PUGLY...
...WILL DO.
VICTOR-- LET'S MAKE SURE OUR FRIEND MR. WILSON DOESN'T GET LOST WHILE HE CONSIDERS HIS OPTIONS, UNDERSTOOD?
LOUD AND CLEAR.

INTERLUDE
ELSEWHERE, IN KOVA
JOHN-- YOU'VE GOT TO CALM DOWN!
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET EXCITED!
I'M TRYING, MOM, I'M TRYING!
BUT I CAN'T! MY GOD, THIS TIME--
--I CAN'T!
KA WHOOOM
END INTERLUDE

I COME HERE SOMETIMES, TO THINK...

...AND TO SPIT ON PEOPLE.
P-TUI

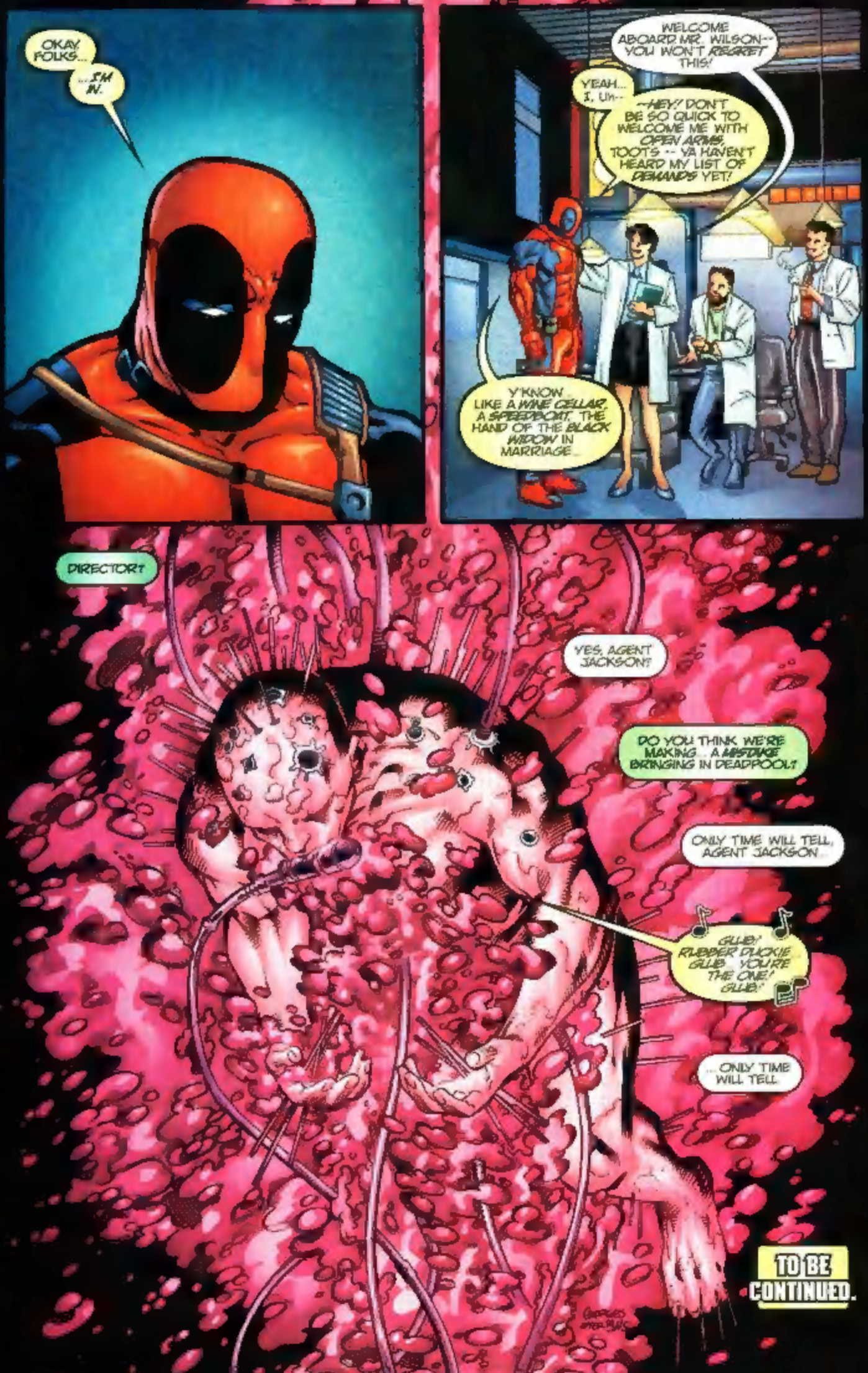
BUT TODAY I HAVE A LOT MORE THINKING THAN SPITTING TO DO.
WHAT DO I DO? I SWORE I'D NEVER BE USED LIKE I WAS IN THE WEAPON X PROGRAM AGAIN...
HOT BABE--BIG POINTS.
WHAT THE--?!

...USED LIKE A GUINEA PIG FOR THEIR POOR MAN'S DR. FRANKENSTEIN IMPERSONATIONS.
BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, I'M SURE TO BE WELL PAID, HAVE THE PROTECTION OF THE GOVERNMENT FOR A CHANGE... IT'D BE JUST ANOTHER JOB--WOULDN'T IT?
NO, IT WOULDN'T. AND NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY AND CON MYSELF... I KNOW IT WON'T BE.
SNOT-NOSED KID--500 POINTS.
HEY!!

SURE, IT'D BE EVERYTHING ANY SELF-RESPECTING MERC COULD ASK FOR, AND ALL IT'LL REALLY COST ME...
...IS MY SOUL.
JACKPOT! LITTLE OLD LADY--10000 POINTS!
AAAH!

THAT SETTLES IT. I'M TELLING THEM I'M NOT--
MOMMY, MOMMY--SOMEBODY DID POOPY ON THAT MAN'S FACE!
--WHAT THE--?! M-MY FACE... MY HOUR MUST BE UP!

BE QUIET, DEAR--IT'S NOT POLITE TO STARE.


OKAY, FOLKS...
...I'M IN.
WELCOME ABOARD MR. WILSON-- YOU WON'T REGRET THIS!
YEAH... I, UH--
--HEY! DON'T BE SO QUICK TO WELCOME ME WITH OPEN ARMS, TOOT'S -- YA HAVEN'T HEARD MY LIST OF DEMANDS YET!
Y'KNOW... LIKE A WINE CELLAR, A SPEEDBOAT, THE HAND OF THE BLACK WIDOW IN MARRIAGE...
DIRECTOR?
YES, AGENT JACKSON?
DO YOU THINK WE'RE MAKING... A MISTAKE BRINGING IN DEADPOOL?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL, AGENT JACKSON...
GLUE! RUBBER DUCKIE GLUE... YOU'RE THE ONE! GLUE!
...ONLY TIME WILL TELL...
TO BE CONTINUED.